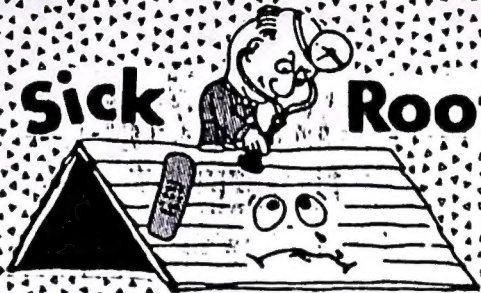


Sick Roof



Norma Lee Edwards
Pretzel City,
USA

sexist?

RE: Modern definition of the word, PO'ETESS, antiquated, sexism, in ill repute.

Dear Modern Man:

Today, I would like to discuss the stigma, attached to being a po'etess, but:

SUFFICE IT TO SAY -

Suffice it to say - I'm a po'etess, not a poet,
I'm a slow walking, soft spoken, easy living lady,
With hair of sunlit gold, and eyes of emerald seagreen,
I'm sensuously round, not nearly musclebound.
My classy chassis may have slipped a bit, still my kind -
Becomes better with time, I can tease you, please you,
Even appease you, and never, never, never,
My darling, ever let you forget, you're a man!

Of course, I do not speak for the majority, only the minority, and my emerald seagreen eyes, are not going to turn cornflower blue with dew, over your definition. If I represent sexism, please label me, "bawdy mauve," because, I'm the purple heat on a sunset, the lilac scent of perfume on a hot hazy day, the violet hue bouncing off a dragonfly's wings dancing under the moon, and I'm the hypnotic blue-purple light, illuminating from the Aurora Borealis, and I'm sure, you get the hint, so enuff, with the color, purple.

Personally, being called an antiquity, is a compliment, I mean I've always had this mawkish fascination, for mausoleums, crypts, tombs, and all, you know the places that kind of turn your mind into a trepidation of time and desire. Then, of course, there's the sight of lightning, the roar of thunder, and the feel of the North Wind, Boreas, sort of touching my neck, at it's nape, in a cemetery at twilight, that's very exciting in a macabre way, to a woman like me.

As to, ill repute, my main man Will's been dead, 393 years, even Root-Leg Benny's been dead, since 1920, so, if I'm guilty of the seduction of a fine man's long-lean mind, with my well-rounded rhyme, remember, it was by his choice, and I would like it noted, My decollete was covered in antique lace to my chin, fastened with an antique cameo, and also my poetic toes, were covered in lace trimmed anklets, with pink and white sneakers."

Well, dear, that about covers it, but, I must say, "If you ever meet a po'etess, and she takes you to a place you've never been, and you feel her allure, your definiton, may be subject to change."

Au revoir,
Norma Lee Edwards

P.S. You may even shed your skin for a million years.

Street Meat/Head Cheese
A Dog Mouth Prayer

Street meat
Head cheese
Street meat
Head cheese
Dead mouse on Oak Street
Right off: Steiner
Communist megaphone
Crazy needs a hairbrush
Dog mouth singin
Teeth like barbwire
Song like barbwire
Preacher man gone--
Empty cheap suit
Cast off left shoe
Rubber sole holy hole
Preacher man gone.
There's Mr. Microphone
Spiderwebs tie down
Deader than a dildo
Preacher man gone
Raptured last week
Aincha glad 'twasn't you?
Dead mouse on Oak Street
Yell about Jesus
Hate sin soul win
Preacher man gone.
Street meat
Head cheese
Street meat
Head cheese
Stretch limo Haight Street
Gave me a hatestroke
At the bus stop
Throb me pisssoff
One eyed wino girl
Sadden my heartbeat
Bus stop limosine
Raise my blood heat
Scream at the riders
Grab my pants crotch
Spit a big honker
On the right side window
I can act crazy--
Hey I'm just street meat
Dog mouth singin
Eyeteeth barbwire
Praysong barbwire
Head cheese
Street meat
Head cheese
Street meat
Head cheese
Street meat
Head cheese
Street meat.
Street meat.



VELCROW 13

1/16/70
San Fran/Park

QUESTIONS

1.
Are you sleepy ?
Sleepy some...
In both eyes?
No, just one...

2.
Are you cold about to freeze?
Do you want my coat?
No, just the sleeves.

K. Haug &
John E
(circa 1969)

LOOKING FOR IT
TO BE EASY

Yes I was looking
for it to be easy
like a little mirror,
fish on back, or
another with a
Buddha.

This is cheap
at the store
but poor to
shave, like a
budget sonnet or
a billboard haiku.
Let us be
remembered instead
as a great deep
clear pool
reflective of
all our beings.

-David Nazario

THE GOLDEN RULE

Shouting in a tube and shouting I
jitter at the window wonder if the
dirt can hear and what's that
racket in my voice my ear? What'd I
say is it me? Maybe my words are
backwards heard if I speak out my
a'ss will I understand? Whatever I say your
eyes go crossed. Tomorrow I'll
yak underground so wet your feet will sink.
And you'll suck up my words like a tree or a stink

• John M. Bennett

ERIC WEIRDS ME OUT

LIKE A U-BOAT COMMANDER
GLIMPING GORY DESTRUCTION
THROUGH A PERISCOPE
POOR LITTLE ERIC
BEHAVES LIKE A FREAK
WIELDING A CROWBAR
& DOES NOT SPEAK

Bob Z.

how the hell can

I make the pain leap out of this chair
& sit next to you in your livingroom?

I can describe Agent Orange in shades
of vivid cancers & sad birth defects

but these words will never lay in a hospital bed

I would really like you to experience
dying twice in one lifetime

then visit the grave
of my six year old daughter

-Bill Shields

SICK ROOF #2. A Journal of Humorous, Pathetic,
and Serious Poetry. Contact: MUMBLES, POBox
8312, Wichita, Kansas 67208 USA. Price: 1 SASE.

Man, I Warned You
About Her

I saw her slip
between your lips
and cut
your tongue out
before you realized
your fly
was open more
than your brain.

She cranked
into your face
took
what she needed
before you even knew
what you'd lost
and left you
bleeding on your knees
while your brain
was still in the clouds.

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